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A BREVIARY.

Incidental thoughts.—The "Wild" Ammonoosuck.—*Farmers of Bath and Lisbon.*—*Flower Gardens.*—First view of Mt. Washington.—*Thoughts on Scenery.*—*The Aged Man.*—*Franconia Iron Works.*—*Mt. Lafayette.*—*"Notch"* and *"Profile."*—*The old Bachelor and his peculiarities.*—Conclusion.

How gratifying after a confinement of several months is the idea of a few days of leisure. So thought we while storing our traveling bag for a week's excursion to the Franconia Notch. Hurrying away from the gloomy countenances of those who were bidding perchance a final adieu to loved associates, we wended our way up the river road, striving to shut out from our wayward imagination the sombre faces we had left behind. In this, however, we were hardly successful. Fancy, in despite of our efforts, would ever and anon recall to mind the pale cheek and tearful eye; and we could dispel our unpleasant recollections, only by philosophizing how differently people are affected in this particular. Some will leave long cherished scenes, and the companions of their earlier years without one painful thought, while others are overwhelmed by the rush of their emotions. If we are not at such times susceptible of that intensity of feeling which some manifest, we will not charge theirs to human weakness. We cannot speak harshly of him who weeps, when he looks for the last time on a well tried friend, for in the occasion there is deep earnestness. In him whose soul is full of inborn riches, thoughts will arise mournful, yet majestic and holy!

We soon came to the charming scenery of the Ammonoosuck which for several miles affords a lively prospect. There is one view about a mile and a half from the Lower village of Bath which is really beautiful. We passed along at the hour of evening. The shadows of night were clustering among the crags, and the whip-poor-will was singing a lullaby to the waters below. The Ammonoosuck and its principal branch are very rapid, and the appellation "Wild" seems with propriety to have been given to them. We wish all our

country villages had names equally appropriate. While journeying through North Haverhill some time since, a companion of ours inquired of a citizen the name of the neat village through which we were passing. "Slab City" replied the man. "Slab City!" muttered the inquirer,—"a most unpoetical and unfitting name." The villager uttered not a word, but looking full in the face, his countenance seemed to say,

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet."

We arrived at Lisbon, and found that a walk of sixteen miles made welcome the luxury of repose. Bath and Lisbon appear to have many enterprising farmers. Both the upland and alluvial soil are productive, and well adapted to tillage. There are few scenes which are more cheering than the tokens of agricultural prosperity. Aside from its intimate connexion with national welfare, who more rationally enjoy the festivity of life, than the cultivators of the soil? Happiness seems to have fixed her abode amid rural scenes; and the husbandman conscious that his occupation is one instituted, and peculiarly owned and blessed by Deity himself, has sources of enjoyment unknown to those engaged in public and professional life. And yet in their zeal to acquire wealth, how many of our farmers' sons hurry away to some other pursuit which they deem more lucrative, or perchance more fashionable. In most instances, if such do not become bankrupt it purse and in morals, they find little in the uncertainties of speculation to compensate for the tranquil joys and the conscious independence of the husbandman.

Many of the citizens were occupied in making their gardens, and the ladies with their large "cape bonnets" seemed busily engaged in constructing flower beds. We think that especially our young ladies could not occupy their leisure moments in a more commendable manner. The employment is conducive to health, and exhibits proofs of refinement and taste. Even the sweet briar, when carefully trained, around the cottage door, leads the passer-by to think of its inmates as agreeable and intelligent, and possessing that genuine love of the beautiful which can render the humblest abode cheerful and happy.

From the piazza of the Union House at Littleton we had our first view of Mount Washington. Who, that loves natural scenery, could censure us if in our enthusiasm we drew up our hats, and

hurraed for the Monarch of the Northern Hills? Though it was now the twentieth of May, the summits of the White and Franconia mountains were as densely covered with snow as in January. Not even the roughest crags were visible. To us it was a novel spectacle to see the farmers tilling their land, and planting their corn so near the regions of frost and snow.

In passing over the elevation from Littleton to the Franconia Iron Works the view of the mountains is surpassingly fine. They very nearly form an amphitheatre, and their dark bases vividly contrasted with the snowy drapery of their summits. We believe the natural world to be a sacred and inspired volume; and we thought we could see on the steep mountain sides written in the letters of Nature's alphabet,—

Man builds with the hand of time:
God with the finger of eternity.

No wonder that those who have their birth place amid these lofty sentinels of olden time, are exiles in every other region. Their youthful eyes have been wont to look on Nature clad in her robes of majesty, and elsewhere her attire must be to them tame and cheerless.

Soon after we reached the plain, we saw at the door of one of the cottages an aged, white haired man sitting in a large arm chair. His snowy locks waved in the breath of spring, and his eye seemed to kindle, and his low boarish voice to become strong as he listened to the melody of the birds. He told us, that he came hither through the forest with his father, when a child, and that the oak which stood near by he once tossed, an acorn, in his hand. He spoke of the days of his boyhood, when his own joyous shout was heard among the hills. He pointed to the field near by where his comrades sleep, and recounted their sportive feats. How his heart kindles at these recollections!—We need not talk to him of declining years,—he is a child once more! Memory recalls the spell of other days, and wakes him ere he sleeps forever.

The Iron Works of Franconia are quite worthy of inspection. The superintendent to whom we are much indebted for his kind attention, explained the process of obtaining the cast and wrought material. The large furnace in which the ore is melted requires to be heated ten or twelve days before the blast is admitted, and about five hundred bushels of charcoal are consumed before the liquid iron collects in the reservoir. After this the

smelting is continued by day and by night for one or two weeks. The workmen appeared to be very intently engaged in their respective departments of labor. Among them we noticed one whose "brawny arms" and "sinewy hands" reminded us of Prof. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith;" while his perseverance might well lead the passer by to exclaim,—

"Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought."

The road from Franconia to the "Notch," though well built, is very tiresome. The narrow pass of the mountains extends for more than a dozen miles, and in several places the sides are very precipitous. The chief objects of attraction are the Old Man of the mountain, the Basin and the Flume. The latter is at a short distance from the road, and of late is said to excite more curiosity than either of the others. The recent rains prevented us from visiting it. The reputation of the "Old Man" is of longer standing, and has probably reached every shore where the English language is spoken. On our way we made frequent inquiries as to the apparent and real size of this "Profile." Some thought that its real measurement might be six feet in length, others about one foot and a half. We are willing to lose our reputation at guessing if it is not more than twenty-five.

Mount Lafayette is the highest summit of the Franconia Hills. On the west side of this mountain is a large ravine six or seven hundred feet deep. During a heavy rain storm of last summer, there was a slide of several acres of surface on the southern side of this defile. The waters of the Ammonoosuck were turbid for a dozen miles, and a large quantity of mud was deposited in the pond at the Iron Works, a distance of six miles. The name of the great French philanthropist was given to this lofty eminence twenty one years ago. It was a memorable occasion to the inhabitants of the vicinity who assembled in great numbers on the appointed day. We were told that more than one hundred revolutionary soldiers were present, by one of whom an oration was delivered accompanied by other appropriate exercises. Whatever may be the emotions of the beholder, while surveying this towering summit, there is in the life of him whose name it bears a moral grandeur and sublimity which the heart may indeed appreciate, but the tongue cannot embody in language. We honor and cherish the memory of our fathers who fought for the freedom of their native soil,—and well we may, for they were contending for themselves and for us their posterity. But Lafayette in a land of strangers could have felt no motives like these. Tearing himself from the society of one he loved more than life, proclaimed an outlaw by his own sovereign, he struggled for the establishment of principles on which he felt were depending the destinies of his race.

The morning we left the vicinity of the Notch was clear and sunny. All was silent save,—

From the vale
Came up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of early worshippers.

The hour of dawn possesses charms which are denied to other portions of the day. The evening, it is true, has a rich and glowing imagery; but give us the morn with its gen'le dews and its reviving fragrance. We directed our course to the "Ore Mountain," which is about three miles from Franconia village. Here is a rich mineralogical locality. We obtained specimens of Iron Pyrites, Garnets, and several beautiful varieties of Schorl. The veins of ore are horizontal, so that if discovered on the surface, they soon reach a great depth in the mountain. The miners though laboring by a dim lamp light, and exposed to a damp and chilly air, appear to be well satisfied with their employment. Such is the force of habit.

We found our pedestrian excursion somewhat fatiguing, and availed ourselves of the opportunity of taking the stage. There was but one passenger on board, a good natured familiar gentleman of some fifty years of age. He told us he was recently from the West. His frankness and the aptness of his remarks pleased us. He said he was "a bachelor by profession;" and though fully appreciating the advantages of matrimonial life, and its indispassable connexion with the well-being of society, he could not believe that it was essential to individual happiness, much less to intellectual eminence. Why? Locke, Bacon, Newton, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Pope, Watte, Pitt, John Randolph,—Philosophers, Statesmen, Poets, Divines, and Artists, *whose equals the world never saw, all were bachelors.* He recollects however one instance of matrimony which was confessedly happy in its results. The occurrence happened many years ago in Connecticut. A very pious and conscientious man married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women the vicinity afforded. This occasioned universal surprise, and an intimate friend ventured to inquire the reasons which dictated his choice. The gentleman replied that having had but little or no trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to the things of time and sense; and he thought by experiencing some afflictions he should become more weaned from the world, and knew of no more honorable means of accomplishing this object, than a marriage with such a woman. The best part of the story was, that the wife, hearing of the reasons why he married her, was much offended, and *out of revenge* became a most agreeable and dutiful companion, always declaring that her husband must provide himself with some other pack-horse, if he would escape from worldly vanities. We bid our friend goodbye, promising that we would give due heed to his observations.

Our week's vacation was now well nigh spent.

We hastened our return, well pleased with our brief pilgrimage. Our health and spirits were improved;—we had visited some of the finest scenery in the Union, and met with several of our much esteemed friends. But gentle readers, we fear we have wearied you, and that few, if any will say in the words of the Italian weaver, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

G.

MUSIC.

When we consider the time, since the first settlement of this country compared with the age of other countries, there seems to be a reason why music among us has not been carried to so high a state of perfection as it has in other countries.—But when we consider again we have not only attained to a degree of perfection equaling them in many respects and very important ones too, but that we even surpass them; contrary to the first appearance there seems to be a reason why a knowledge of music should now be more general and music in its widest sense should have a more elevated stand with us. Furthermore, this being the state of things not only *seems* to be a reason why this subject should receive more attention, but it really is a reason why it *will*; for already are we beginning to see a change working in the feelings of community, and as we trust, favorably.

What is music? could I fully define it I should possess a knowledge I never on earth aspire to.—In no way can I better express my views of it than by saying it is the concentration of the beauties both of nature and of art in one general focus, affecting our hearts and understandings in the most brilliant and effective manner. And I would to heaven, we would wider open our ears, wider open our understandings and our hearts that we might better receive her happiest gift; the effects of which would be to give us the most vivid and exalted views of the Giver of all good, consequently to humble us under a sense of our own inferiority and hold us within our proper spheres of humility. It is to be lamented that men read so little from nature's book, which is every moment open before them, while they make and read so many of their own, many of which are so very unnatural. It is to be lamented that what we see and hear daily that is beautiful in the natural world, we so unduly appreciate.

Reader, think. Were you assured that your sight and hearing in one week from this time were to be taken from you, with what intense interest would you behold every natural object and listen to every natural sound. No sleep would there be to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids; but each returning morn would find you watching for the light, while you would be making your way to the woods, in order that your ears might be saluted with the greatest variety of pleasing sounds possible: still gazing, once more to behold the glorious orb of heaven which would then seem to shine for your own special good.

Lovely and still more lovely would objects appear to the eye: Sweeter and still sweeter would be sounds to the ear, till the last one should be heard; and when as a true token of your feelings of regret for the misimprovement of your faculties, in one general outburst of sorrowful tears, joined here and there by a lone tear of gratitude for a just appreciation of the beauties of nature for one short week, the eyes would weep themselves away. Oh, he that hath eyes to see let him see; and he that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Let him "hear God in the wind" as he "sees him in the cloud" which it wafts. Let him hear God in the earth beneath as well as in the heavens above. Let him be heard through every bird that sings, chirps or twitters,—every squirrel that whirls his tongue or chippers in the green woods, through every humming bee, fly and insect that floats in the air,—through every reptile that creeps upon the earth, every frog that croaks or peeps from the quaggy pond, every leaping stream of the hill side, every thundering cataract of the mountain and the mighty ocean.

"There is a God all nature speaks."

When these he has heard, he may rest assured that he has listened to music, and that too of the highest order.

And is to listen his only duty? No, No. He is to raise his voice and join in the grand, universal chorus of song. But do we find him to decline? We do; and he ever denies he has a voice. This we conclude is a great mistake under which many labor. We leave it for your reflection till the next *Mirror* shall appear which we trust will cast a true reflection.

S. P. CHENEY.

[From the Common School Journal.]

A LECTURE.

BY G. F. THAYER, ESQ.

Delivered in Boston before an audience of Female Teachers.

The subject on which I am to address you is COURTESY, as it is to be taught and practised in school, and thence carried abroad into society.

In treating the topics that fall under the general subject, I shall avail myself of a very liberal interpretation of the term, and endeavor to point out the deficiencies which exist in the young, in relation to what constitutes good breeding,—in those minutes, on the observance of which, the comfort of persons of delicate nerves and refined sensibility depends. And allow me to insist on their ultimate importance, notwithstanding their insignificance when considered abstractly and singly. The general relation of things illustrates this idea.—What is there, from the ant-hill to the cloud-o'er-topping Andes, that is not composed of atoms? This magnificent globe, the handiwork of Infinite Power, is made up of particles too minute for the human eye to reach. The liquid portion of it, that wonderful production of Omnipotence, is a collection of infinitely small globules, gathered into the

mighty oceans, whose agitations mock all the energies of man, and drown whole cities in "their wild waves' play."

The atmosphere,—that curious contrivance of Paternal Goodness, through the agency of whose manifold properties the ear is regaled with music, the smell with odors, and the eye with objects of delight,—is a material substance, whose elements are inconceivably minute! And yet these all are the productions of a power so vast, as to will into existence whatever and in what mannersoever it might suit His Omnipotent Wisdom to create.—Shall we, then, in aiding to form a human character, despise the trifles of which it is to be composed?

What is there in Nature or art that is not the result of combination of parts? The bread we eat, the fabrics that form our dress, the couch on which we repose,—reflect on their various and numerous elements,—are all small, and singly considered, insignificant or mean. Language, the vehicle of our ideas, whether written or spoken, is composed of particles which in themselves convey no notion of their combined power; and, when looked at or listened to apart from their connection, excite no thought, arouse no emotion. And yet what may not, what does not, language effect in the hands of eloquence?

I need not, I trust, urge this point further, although it is susceptible of a universal defence.—Still, whether admitted or not, in theory, the practice of teachers evinces a very doubtful evidence of such faith. Hence we find a kind of leaping at a subject, instead of an investigation by single steps, which may account for the very imperfect results in most of our modes of education, whether religious, moral, political, or literary.

Children are brought into life plastic, and, for a time passive, beings; ready to receive those mouldings and impressions, which the training of a mother can produce; but they are consigned to the teacher's care, this characteristic is in a considerable degree obliterated, or at least so modified, so prevented by bad management, evil example, or the indulgence of unhappy propensities, with which the original elements of most human beings are to some extent intermixed, as to render the task of the educator one of almost hopeless labor, and compel him to deprecate the fate that consigns these helpless ones to parents so unfit for their mental and moral culture.

But let us not despair. Let us not attempt to finish our task in a day; to do all our work at once. As the child who carries home, from his first half-day's session at school, the knowledge of one letter of his alphabet, is content, and even proud of his acquisition, so let the faithful teacher suppress all anxiety, if, in her efforts to eradicate bad habits in her pupils, she can discover, from day to day, but a single step taken in the road to amendment; being well assured, that persevering fidelity will in due time reap its reward,

The most common faults in deportment, or neglect of the courtesies of life, among school children, consist in the indulgence of boisterousness, uncleanliness, rudeness of speech, disrespectful tones; and, indirectly, lack of order in relation to clothes, caps, books, &c., carelessness in regard to the property of others, or thoughtlessly meddling with others' affairs.

Among the regulations of a school of long standing, in one of our large cities, we find the following requisitions, which with some exceptions, are connected with our subject; and reference to which I have thought would lead us to the consideration of those details, most profitable to the practical teacher and conductor of a school.

Requirements.—"Boys are required to scrape their feet on the scraper, and to wipe them on every mat they pass over, on their way to the schoolroom; to hang their caps, hats, over-coats, &c., on the hooks appropriated to them, respectively, by loops prepared for the purpose; to bow gracefully and respectfully, on entering; to make no unnecessary noise within the walls of the building whatever; to keep their persons, clothes, and shoes, clean; to carry and bring their books in a satchel; to quit the neighborhood of the school, in a quiet and orderly manner, immediately on being dismissed; to present a pen by the feather end, a knife by its haft, a book right side upward to be read by the person receiving it; to bow, on presenting or receiving any thing; to stand, while speaking to a teacher; to keep all books clean, and the contents of desks neatly arranged; to deposit in their places all slates, pencils, &c., before leaving school; to pick up all hats, caps, coats, books, &c., found on the floor, and put them in their appropriate places; to be accountable for the condition of the floor nearest their own desks or seats; to be particularly quiet and diligent, whenever the teacher is called out of the room; and to promote, as far as possible, the happiness, welfare, and improvement, of others."

Prohibitions.—Under the head of "Prohibitions," are the following items, which it may be useful in this connection, to introduce.

"No boy to throw pens, paper, or any thing whatever, on the floor, or out at a door or window; to spit on the floor; to mark, cut, scratch, chalk, or otherwise disfigure, injure, or defile, any portion of the school-house, or any thing connected with it; to meddle with the contents of another's desk, or unnecessarily to open and shut his own, to use a knife in school without permission; to quit the school-room at any time without leave; to pass noisily or upon the run through the school-room or entry; to play at *paw-paw*, *any where*, or any game in the school-house; to retain marbles won in play; to use any profane or indelicate language; to nick-name any person; to indulge in eating or drinking in school; to waste school-hours by unnecessary talking, laughing, playing, idling, standing up, gazing around, teasing, or otherwise

calling off the attention of others; to throw stones, snow-balls, and other missiles, about the streets; to strike, push, kick, or otherwise annoy his associates or others;—in fine, to do anything that the law of love forbids; that law which requires us to do to others as we should think it right that they should do to us."

These regulations, it is perfectly obvious, from the promiscuous manner in which they are introduced, were adopted as cases occurred in school to render certain laws necessary. Hence, they are not arranged according to their relative importance, but seem generally to have a bearing, directly or indirectly, on the subject of the present discourse.

And here let me pause a moment, to say, that, although some of them may be out of place, I have ventured to introduce them all, as found among the rules, &c., of the school adverted to, because I wish to throw out some hints on the subject of *order*, in connection with that of *courtesy*, for which these items will serve as my text. In fact, I may almost claim the *identity* of the two, when I consider the result of both to be so similar, namely, the promotion of the satisfaction of those about us, and the most agreeable regulation of ourselves.

If I can in this Essay render any service to my brother teachers, or rather, to my sister teachers, under whose care our children, in their earliest stages, are usually placed, it must be done by plain statements and minute detail. I shall therefore, take up the items just read, separately, and comment very briefly upon each as I proceed.

Scraping the feet at the door, and wiping them on the mats.—This should be insisted on as one of the most obvious items in the code of cleanliness. It is not only indispensable to the decent appearance of a school-room, but if neglected, a large quantity of soil is carried in on the feet, which in the course of the day, is ground to powder, and a liberal portion inhaled at the nostrils, and otherwise deposited in the system, to its serious detriment. Besides, if the habit of neglecting this at school is indulged, it is practised elsewhere; and the child, entering whatever place he may, shop, store, kitchen, or drawing-room, carries along with him his usual compliment of mud and dirt; and the unscrapped and unwiped feet are welcome no where, among persons a single grade above the quadruped race.

I may be told, it is a matter little attended to by many adult persons of both sexes. To which I would reply, in the language of Polonius,

—“ ‘Tis true—‘tis pity;

And pity ‘tis—‘tis true.”

But this, instead of being an argument in favor of the non-observance of the wholesome rule in our schools, only points more emphatically to the duty of teachers in relation to it; for when, unless during the school-days, are such habits to be corrected, and better ones established?

I am fully aware of the difficulty of carrying rules like this into execution, even among children of double the age of those that form the schools of some who hear me; and do not forget how much this difficulty is increased by the tender age, and consequently greater thoughtlessness, of most of the pupils of the schools usually taught by females; but still, much may be done by proclaiming the rule, and placing at the school entrance one of the elder scholars, to remind the others of it, and see that it is observed, until the cleanly habit be established.

In the school above alluded to, the rule has grown into so general observance, that the discovery of mud on the stairs or entry leads immediately to the inquiry, whether any stranger has been in. For, though few carry the habit with them, all are so trained by daily drilling, that it soon becomes as difficult to neglect it, as it was at first to regard it.

Hanging up on the hooks, caps, outer garments &c., by loops.—It is not every school that is provided with hooks or pegs for children's caps, garments, &c. All, however, should be so provided with as much certainty as seats are furnished to sit upon. It not only encourages the parents to send the children in comfortable trim, but induces the children to take better care of their things, especially if a particular hook or peg be assigned to each individual pupil. It is one step in the system of *order*, so essential to the well-being of those destined to live among fellow-men.—

If dependent on the attention of mothers at home, I am aware that many children would often be destitute of the loops spoken of: but the children themselves could supply these, under the teacher's supervision; for I understand the use of the needle is taught, in many schools, to the younger pupils of both sexes, and has been found a very satisfactory mode of filling up time, which, among the junior class, would otherwise be devoted to idleness.

Bowing.—All nations, civilized and barbarian, have some mode of testifying to superiors in age, or rank, or wisdom. That, most common among civilized and enlightened nations, in the present age, is the *bow*.

It has also come to be used between persons of similar grade, as a token of recognition, and an accompaniment to the friendly salutation of the day; and no one, excepting the disciples of Penn, who abjure almost every external custom of the world's people, considers it as an act of degradation, or in any degree improper. In fact, it expresses the same thing in our sex, that the reverence,—so to call it, and as it was formerly called,—in the female does; which is clearly defined by its present name, *Courtesy*; and this is what we contend for. It should not by any means be neglected, either at school or at home. Nothing tends so much to give the right feeling which should accompany this ceremony, as an answering salutation from the teacher; and,

when convenient, the addition of the cordial ‘Good morning,’ &c. should be made. Indeed, I should object to a pupil's making the bow, merely because he is at the school-room door, if no notice is to be taken of the compliment. I would not have it thus unmeaning, or slavish. The place is in some sense *holy*; but made so, mainly, by the pure sympathy of mind and heart with heart; and I would have the child salute, not the inanimate walls, but the friend who presides within them.

It would also be useful for children thus to salute each other, as they meet in their walks, in the streets, and elsewhere. It would engender a degree of respect, by which their mutual relations would be much improved, and a check given to that extreme familiarity so proverbially injurious.

I have known some schools to be distinguished for this act of courtesy, by its pupils, on meeting persons in the streets, gracefully touching the hat, while a large majority of schoolboys not only omit this, but the bow likewise; nay, look away, or cut the individual altogether, and especially if it be the teacher. This, to be sure, may and often does arise from shamefacedness; but children should be taught at school not to indulge such illbred timidity.

The children of European parents, we find, are seldom lacking in this token of civility, which gives them an appearance of manliness that most of our own boys cannot claim.

(To be Continued.)

COPPERAS.

The manufacture of copperas, or green vitriol has been carried on since nearly the close of the 17th century. It is sometimes found associated with different substances in a pure crystallized state. Near Wigan in Lancashire, Eng., copperas has been procured, in large quantities, from an old cannel coal pit, but it is usually obtained from the sulphuret of iron. The following interesting facts respecting the copperas establishment at Stratford, Vt., were kindly communicated to us by the agent, J. Reynolds, Esq.

The vein of ore is composed of sulphuret of iron, and of sulphuret of copper so perfectly intermixed that it is difficult to find a piece of ore, however small, which has not the two ores plainly to be seen in it. There is an inexhaustible quantity of ore; the vein is from forty to sixty feet in width, and has been traced several miles in length. The ore is obtained by drilling and blasting, and is broken up into masses about the size of a hen's egg, or smaller, and thrown into heaps. Spontaneous ignition will take place in a few days, and will continue to burn for several months, and, in some instances, it has continued to burn for several years. During the process of burning, a portion of the sulphur, is driven off, and another portion combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming sulphuric acid. This acid combines with

the oxide of iron, and forms sulphate of iron, or copperas, which is obtained by dissolving it in water, and by subsequent evaporation. The company was formed in 1809, but for want of chemical knowledge they made but a small quantity of copperas previously to 1815; since that time they have made many improvements, and now manufacture, annually, from seven hundred to one thousand tons.

THE "PROFILE" OR "OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN."

These appellations, given to a singular appearance, somewhat resembling a human face, in Franconia Notch seem to be very appropriate. The term "Profile," is so, inasmuch as viewed sideways or with the cheek towards you, you have not merely the only proper view, but in fact the *only* view that can be obtained; since from a position in front you can discern nothing that resembles the appearance of a human face in the least respect: but, on the other hand, it appears from such a position to be comprised of large irregular rocks, extremely disjointed, or in the language of a recent observer "a rod apart."

The term "old man of the mountain" also seems to be applied with equal propriety with the Profile. Its age is probably co-equal with the creation, or, to say the least, with the Post deluvian world. Its resemblance to the features of a human face, entitle it without any controversy to the appellation "man;" and its position connected with the two other points mentioned, most surely ensures to it the very significant denomination of "old man of the mountain."

But to speak a little more definitely, the road from Franconia village, about six miles, is most awful. Having traveled about two miles over a level, and what might perhaps be called a tolerable good road, you commence an ascent that continues to rise, elevation upon elevation, as if determined never to permit you to possess the pleasure of a view of its summit, until the weary pedestrian, almost exhausted with continual climbing without perceiving that he draws any nearer the object of his travel, is upon the point of giving up in despair.

The descent is not so long by considerable as the ascent. To add to all the other discouragements through the whole of this long road up the mountain, there is nothing upon which the eye of the traveler can rest with delight, to cheer his soul and urge him on with renewed ardor to the accomplishment of his object, except a continued range of gloomy forests, and occasionally a "patch" of snow, which by the way was not less than ten inches deep in some parts of the way, presenting nothing very encouraging or cheering.

The only dwelling place that is to be discovered anywhere near here is a public house, kept for the especial accommodation of travelers, being situated in a narrow pass excavated by nature's own

hand, in a dense forest without the appearance of a single scrap of vegetation. It is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, presenting one of nature's finest touches, in the highest degree interesting to the enthusiastic admirer of all that is grand and imposing in nature's sketch book. The "old man" terminates the ridge that closes you in on the right as you descend, a short distance from the road where the view is obtained; so that if you were able to reach the base of the mountain he would stand almost directly over you.

His appearance is rather singular in some respects. The top of the head has the appearance of one that has been scalped, leaving some of his phrenological developments exposed to the vicissitudes of storm and sunshine. His forehead is very high, his nose long and sharp, his mouth large and ill formed, his prodigious chin, long and homely. For eyes he has nothing but sockets, and as to ears he has none at all, probably having been deprived of them as a punishment for some heinous crime committed in some former age.

He has lost also a part of his cravat,—something of a serious loss especially in that frozen country where he will stand in so great need of it. It strikes me that some of his near neighbors should either provide him a substitute for the lost article, or stand liable to the imputation of possessing a heart somewhat allied in nature to the old man himself.

In short the old gentleman is no small affair in the world. His Gothic features, and lofty position, excite admiration,—his age, veneration and respect,—his singular nature and the mysteries of his formation, curiosity and wonder.

A SKETCH.

The morning of Sabbath has opened her rosy wings o'er earth, a pure robe of holy silence seems to have enshrouded all terrestrial scenes, and heaven's broad canopy is o'ershadowed with a deep gloom. At the usual hour a small band of devoted ones is seen gathering to its accustomed place of worship. To these worshippers this is a day of uncommon, of awful interest. A crowd of fearful thoughts rushes upon their minds as they remember that this is the day when in remembrance of their dying, suffering Redeemer, they are to partake of the precious, consecrated tokens of his love that himself had declared to be "meat and drink indeed." One sits apart from the rest, apparently shut up in her own deep, absorbing thoughts. Fourteen summers have not shed their light upon her, yet the intellect speaking from those dark eyes, and animating every feature tells of mental maturity. This day, to others interesting is doubly so to her, for she is to take the vows of God upon her.

The young, the gay, are about her, yet she needs them not, but with firmness of purpose, alone, she seeks the approval of Deity. 'Tis a sight of moral grandeur on which angels might

look in rapture, and that might cause a deeper lover strain of heaven's rich music to re-echo through the "spirit land."

Her thoughts dwell now upon a world lying in wickedness, a Saviour divine dying to redeem that world and the part assigned her in its reformation.

Her mind's sky seems blackened by fearful clouds as she looks for a moment at the many difficulties opposing her progress and at the power of him who is her chief enemy. But the richness of mercy manifested in her redemption, and the cheering promise "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee" are so sweetly suggested to her heart, that anew she casts herself upon the infinite love of her Redeemer.

She advances to the baptismal fount, calmly kneels before the holy altar, and as the solemn service is repeated and the sacred drop lingers on her forehead, her soul seems freed from thought and seeks repose in the shoreless ocean of Divine love.

Self-sacrificing, she lays all upon the altar of Christ and seeks the complete purification of her nature. Sacrificing! What? The short-lived pleasures of sin for the rich ever-during joys of salvation, the reputation of the worldling for a name in the book of life, earthly comfort and life it may be, for a hundred fold in this life and in the world to come life everlasting.

Then say not sacrifice. Though her's may be the task to teach the tawny sons and daughters of America the way of life, or bid the sable sons of Africa stretch forth their hands for joy, or encounter the mighty torrent of antiquated superstition in the eastern world, yet, when eternity's veil shall be lifted and "they that have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever," no thought of sacrifice shall find place in her heart, but a ceaseless song of triumph and praise shall reverberate through heaven's lofty arches.

ELLA.

Newbury, April 30, 1841.

THOUGHTS ON TRUTH.

Perhaps there never arose in the human mind a more important and deeply interesting inquiry than "what is truth." One thought, which is but too true, suggested by such an inquiry is, that truth if it would be possessed, must be earnestly sought after; that error is prevalent; and that systems of error are so numerous, so imposing, and so generally received that if one wishes to be free from its debasing power, and enjoy the sweet soul-elevating liberty of truth, there is danger of exchanging one form for another no less destructive, and thus being satisfied without having obtained the desired object. Another sentiment connected with it is, that truth is valuable, and that one who is seeking it, begins to know and feel its worth.—There are few indeed, who can free their minds from long-cherished sentiments of right, and come to the search of simple truth with the mind unbi-

assed by any prominent opinions; for prejudice sways a mightier sceptre over the human intellect, than would be believed or even thought of, were it not frequently necessary to abandon some received sentiment, because another is presented to the mind as containing more of truth, and therefore more worthy the reception of a rational being.

Yet, who that has for once realized even in a slight degree, the worth of this inestimable treasure, would not prefer to endure the reproach and contempt of the world combined, for the sake of truth, rather than enjoy its caresses and smiles and possess its favor together with its error? He would not be alone; for truth would be a companion both to cheer and support, and her protection would not only shield him from every hostile attack, but enable him even to break through the opposing ranks of the enemy, and, in process of time, win a glorious and decisive victory.

But amid so many species of error, and so great danger of imposition, where may truth be found, and when may we be assured that this gem is ours? Had no light beamed from heaven on man's benighted soul; were the human mind left unguided to arrive at truth by its own reasonings, this would indeed be a subject of much curious and anxious speculation, but no correct conclusions concerning it would ever be formed, which has been sufficiently and painfully found in the case of ancient heathen philosophers.

But, since it has pleased the Father to grant to man a revelation of His will and the way of eternal life, darkness and doubt no longer rest upon this interesting subject, for in that revelation, Jesus has said, "I am the truth." Let, then, whoever seeks to know the truth, seek first a knowledge of Jesus, and having obtained that, the object of his search is also obtained. But it may be said that truth and error are connected with every subject, and that the possession of correct moral feeling does not necessarily imply the ability to judge correctly concerning all disputed points, in regard to which it is necessary to have just ideas; and, therefore, we must possess something aside from the knowledge of Jesus, in order to know the whole truth. Yet however numerous and diversified may be the streams, they all flow from one and the same exhaustless fountain, the triune God, and can one drink of the pure water of the sound and yet know nothing of the quality of that which fills the rivulet?

As the Savior was about to depart, and return to His former blissful abode—as He was about to leave His disciples exposed to the sins, temptations and errors of the dark world, He promised to them, as it had been His parting blessing, the Spirit that should guide them into *all truth*, and this promise may now be claimed and realized by every humble, prayerful child of God.

VILETTA.

There is no feminine grace so valuable as a cultivated intellect.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The period has at length arrived when the minds of the intelligent and refined are awakened to the conviction that female influence is indeed great, and of unparalleled importance. Its extent is boundless; its duration is not limited to time; its worth, eternity alone can reveal. It is an influence which penetrates the inmost recesses of the heart, touches the secret springs of human action, and secretly and silently operates in bringing about important revolutions in the moral condition and happiness of mankind,—and which should, and may lay the foundation of intellectual and moral worth. These are truths which should be duly appreciated by all, and especially by Females, themselves. "True it is not the province of woman, to plan in the cabinet, fill the chair of state, or execute in the tented field,"—but even there is her influence felt, and her power exerted.

To her is committed the important charge of moulding the intellect, and in a great degree, of forming the character of those very individuals who are called to act in the important concerns of public and private life. Her instructions, of whatever nature they may be, make a deep and lasting impression upon the youthful mind,—impressions indeed of no small moment, when it is considered that principles which are instilled into the infant mind, slowly, but effectually act, not only in forming its character here, but in determining its destiny hereafter.

But this influence is not confined to the youthful circle. It is exerted in a degree, almost incalculable, in all the various walks of social and domestic life. Are the dispensations of a mysterious Providence of an afflictive nature, apparently prostrating all earthly enjoyment? We find the female with anxiety and tenderness, ready to administer the healing balm, wipe the tearful brow, while the soul speaking eye tells that she would gladly become a sharer of our sorrows. Is the heart of man desponding and his mind oppressed with anxiety and care? She with her soothing voice and calm consoling words, succeeds in abstracting his mind from the present, to contemplate the encouraging prospects of the future.

Thus we find the female able to impart consoling instruction, by being possessed of tender sensibilities, which those who often deride female influence, are compelled, secretly to acknowledge are by them imitable. Those who are wont to regard female intellect as little worth, and look upon her influence with disdain, are bold to attribute to her, whatever partakes of the nature of evil,—and too often it is to be lamented it is her just charge. But has the female no virtue? Is not her influence sometimes salutary? If so, why have many no eloquence in portraying her virtues, while they manifest so much zeal in depicting her follies? Is it not in part because the moral vision has been blinded by prejudices, and the sphere of woman, retiring and unassuming in her nature,

has often left her virtues veiled in obscurity. Taught from childhood to believe her mind too feeble to be highly cultivated, and deprived of every laudable motive to exertion, it is rather a wonder that female society is as elevated as it is. Her susceptibility of high intellectual attainments need not here to be argued. Would the all wise Creator lay such fearful and weighty responsibilities upon his creatures with no mind, no heart to improve? No; the female has a mind and it should, and must be cultivated. Her own felicity,—her duty to the world, and to God, require it. She sees spread out before her a boundless field of knowledge, strewed with flowers, and she would fain enter, and pluck them as laurels of victory. She has already tasted some of the sweets of knowledge, and become convinced of the value of her resources. She feels that without the proper cultivation of whatever is truly amiable and excellent, she is unprepared to teach others, by precept and example, to adorn the mind with noble attainments; and secure the dignity and perfection of rational and immortal beings. And while she sees that thorough mental discipline, is necessary to qualify her for happiness, and usefulness here,—she also feels that it enlarges the mind, and fits it for the reception of higher and noble joys in a future state of being.

In view of all this, is it just to deprive her of an equal privilege for improvement with the other sex? Give her the unspeakable privilege of disenthraling the mind from the bondage of ignorance, and her expansive intellect will discover to her, her weighty responsibilities, and she will exert her influence in the cause of virtue. Till this is done, females will not, cannot, be prepared to rightly discharge their important duties and to assist in elevating the standard of moral and religious Society.

JUSTITIA.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

It is said that truth is power; that wealth is power; that talent is power; and with still greater propriety, that knowledge is power; as truth without the aid of knowledge would be inefficient, and talents would forever remain buried in oblivion, or displayed only in that blind and inconsistent manner observable among savage nations, while the requisition, as well as the application of wealth, as to produce power, is dependent on knowledge. But without entering into a minute inquiry of what was originally intended by these several propositions; or into a prolonged investigation of their comparative merit; the object of the present will be, to contemplate the motto "knowledge is power," as comprehending all those sources of information which constitute the superiority of civilized over barbarous nations, or that which is not derived more particularly from the light of nature. To observe the difference made by education, or in other words by knowledge, we need not direct the attention to the uncultivated

Indians of North America, who roams unrestrained through his native forests, disdaining alike the refinements and improvements of civilized society; nor to the polluted and idolatrous nations of India, who seek to appease the anger of an offended God, by deeds of far deeper guilt than those which they seek to atone; nor to the degraded nations of Africa whose natures seem closely allied to the beasts of prey which range with them that benighted region. We have only to direct the attention to individual instances, even where knowledge has, in some degree, exerted its ameliorating influences, to render this distinction sufficiently obvious. Viewed with the eye of the illiterate, the works of nature present no attractions. The earth with its ever varied landscape, its lofty mountains, lifting their steep and rugged cliffs to heaven, as if in defiance of the elements, its widely extended plains, its extensive forests, and foaming cataracts; the boundless and never resting ocean; the blue and extended concave of heaven; all fail to excite one emotion of sublimity, or to raise one thought in contemplation to the great Architect of the universe. The glorious orb of day, as if in imitation of its great Author, diffusing its genial influence to every part of the planetary system; the moon, as Milton beautifully describes it, riding in silent majesty, and all the glittering hosts of heaven, viewed as created solely for the convenience of man; while he is aspiring to no higher attainments than the gratification of his senses. Events in the history of nations calculated to interest and excite the admiration or the astonishment of the whole world, never disturb his degraded tranquility; while the innumerable volumes of classical literature which have been the study and admiration of the wise in all ages, are considered as beneath his notice; and the darkness and ignorance which reign with undisputed authority within, are fully displayed in the low, degraded, and inconsistent course which he pursues. But let the sun of science and general intelligence arise and shed their illuminating and vivifying rays over the scene, and how changed is the aspect. Even the most trifling phenomena of nature are viewed with interest as presenting mysteries which elude the research of the most profound philosopher. Infinite wisdom is displayed in the structure of the smallest insect, or minutest plant; and the mind no longer rests satisfied with the conclusion that the changes exhibited in nature are produced because it is natural, but it traces effects to their causes; and refers those changes to the principles of philosophy and illustrates their more practical application in the power which they give to man in subordinating the very elements to his service. Where knowledge has shed its genial influences, instead of the Indian wigwam, and the filthy abode of the Hottentot, the wilderness is made to blossom like the rose. Splendid cities rise with their asylums for the oppressed, institutions of public learning, and

churches dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. In every direction we behold the power of Knowledge displayed in adapting the various arts to the convenience of man. Here may be seen the heavy laden steam engine, moving majestically as if propelled by some invisible power; there the mighty ship, rich with the productions of distant climes, pursuing its onward course bidding defiance to the winds and waves. But insignificant are all the works of man and even this earth with all its appendages, compared with the worlds which science opens to our view. We are taught by astronomy to view the earth as but a speck in the system to which it belongs; that even this system with all its primary and secondary planets is but an inconsiderable part of the universe; and it has been asserted by a distinguished writer that were the sun which enlightens our earth, and the whole planetary system at once annihilated, it would not be missed by any eye that could take in the whole, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. Each star is considered as the centre to other systems still more remote and the galaxy as the blended rays of stars at such immense distances as to be invisible. But imagination fails in attempting to ascribe bounds to the universe; and the mind is lost in the attempt. And still more especially when reasoning from analogy, we consider these worlds the abodes of intelligent beings.—If removing all bounds from an object constitutes the sublime, what a prospect is here presented of unlimited sublimity. If there is in any corresponding degree a cultivation of the moral feelings, how exalted, how sublime the contemplation of the "great first cause" who not only created those vast systems of worlds, but guides them in their harmonious courses, while at the same time the most unimportant events are as directly under his control. How superior to the man who never raises his views higher than the sod on which he treads, is the mind which is thus habitually led from the contemplation of nature, to contemplate nature's God. Such a character demands and receives our highest respect. Even envy with its poisonous weapons dare not attack it. Wealth in the possession of such a character exerts its influence in ameliorating the condition of mankind.—Talents, instead of seeking an ascendancy by oppression, exert an influence in enlightening and elevating the mind, and truth is received with that disposition which its nature and importance demand.

CYNTHIA.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude has charms for me. There is an association connected with its lonely shades, its calm retreat, that is almost enchanting. Though rude and scooped by Nature's rustic hand from the rugged cliff, yet by me it is preferred, to the palaces of the great. When tired of the world and sick of its vanity, when angry tempests rage in the moral world and threaten with speedy destruction,

all that is lovely or desirable; when all is turmoil without, and vexation within, it is then I fain would seek this lone retreat and hear the still small voice whisper in the breeze "peace be still." When boding sorrow draws a sable curtain over my fairest prospects, and all my brightest hopes are cut off by disappointment's withering blast; it is then I find in solitude a soothing balm for a troubled, a restless mind.

Though man is a social being, yet what would be the effect on society if solitude were never enjoyed. Where should we look for the rich productions issued "from the thought stirring chambers" of Bacon and Shakespeare. Away from busy life the reflective mind turns back upon itself, and brings from its hidden storehouse a treasure of valuable thought, and there the imagination roves fearless in depths unmeasured, unexplored.

There the scholar finds a paradise on earth, and dips his pen in deeper thought,—thought too profound for sensual minds to follow;—but most of all it is there the soul holds sweet converse with the high and lofty one who inhabits eternity—who is the fountain of all knowledge, light and truth, and holds in his right hand the stars of Heaven.

ROSALE.

"CHARITY SEEKETH NOT HER OWN."

Like a vessel drifting on the dark ocean, on an aimless voyage the sport of wind and waves,—so is life without some lofty purpose in view, as our "beings end and aim." If life's early morning is wasted in the pursuit of shadows, that never wait the coming, its noonday occupied in alternate cares, and pleasures, it is but too probable, that the evening will be spent in sighing over the wreck of cherished hopes, amid the crushed flowers of affection. How dark then, appear the shores of immortality, as they open to the ken of the disembodied spirit.

High and holy are the trusts committed to human life, to educate the immortal guest enshrined in clay, for the eternity of the future—to fit it to grace the high court of Heaven. Some have lived in this dark world of ours, to bless and purify.—A spotless life, and pure example exerts an influence, long after dust has mouldered back to dust. In this class stands the name of the Christian Missionary. Strong and endearing are the ties that bind one to country, and friends, yet these must be severed, and the names of parents, home, and native land, live only in memory, among the things that were. Here the heavenborn grace of Charity sheds its purest lustre, and encircles with a halo of light, the brow of the devoted missionary.—What brighter gem shall glitter in his crown of glory? This has induced some of warm hearts, and gifted minds to bury themselves in our Western wilds, and labor unweariedly for the moral elevation of our countrymen and brothers. Heaven smiles on the expedition which charity planned, and the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains even

to the shores of the Pacific resound with the glad tidings of the gospel.

The story of the Indian, is one of wrongs and oppression. The pleasant hunting grounds of their fathers have forever passed away from them, and instead, are the smiling villages and happy homes of the white man. Hunted like the 'partridge on the mountains,' they wander towards the lands of the setting sun. How can a christian nation endure the frowns of that God, unto whom the 'stranger' or 'oppressed' has 'at all cried?' In that day when the grave shall yield up all its dead, how many bright spirits shall come up from the forests of our country, from the flowering groves of Florida and accuse a guilty nation of enacting such wrongs before high Heaven, as make the angels weep. Influence of mind, be it good, or ill, must be scanned at the bar of eternal justice.

The history of this singular and interesting people is closely interwoven with our own. They often cross our path and "when we will, we may do them good." I well remember one, whose bended form, keen piercing eyes, and strange costume, often disturbed my cradle slumbers. And yet he was a kind old man—that Indian. He brought us the earliest berries and the brightest flowers, and would watch the wild sports of childhood, with so much interest as even to suffer an occasional smile to relax his stern and lowering brow. I know not that any ever told him the story of the cross, or pointed his intelligent mind to the star of Bethlehem. But they gave him that liquid poison, that destroyed the Godlike gift of reason, and hurried him to his grave. His ashes lie in a sweet sequestered spot—the tall grass of many summers sweeps over him, and the Indian, his wrongs and virtues, are alike forgotten.

"On whom shall rest his penal fate,
When in the awful judgment due?"

Charity is truly a christian grace. Its dominion is wide as the universe of God. The green isles of the sea, and the far off shores of India, and China, have echoed to the soft voice of the missionary telling the story of the Crucified.

In the life of Mrs Judson, missionary to Burmah we have a lovely example of self denial and almost heroic fortitude in the female character.—In a heathen land, afflictions clustered on every side. War raged with violence, her dwelling was assailed, and her husband imprisoned in a loathsome cell, in that burning climate. She followed in all their toilsome marches over scorching sands, and wearied government with her daily petitions for his release. After two long years her petition was granted—meanwhile death snatched her sweet infant—her only solace, from her arms, and bore it to heaven. She sustained all with unshaking fortitude; and lived and toiled for the cause she loved. She lies now under the shade of an evergreen—oh, she sleeps well there. No marble tells her virtues, but the ransomed Burman, as he enters the golden portals above, tells that her name

is in Heaven, her record on high. There she finds the precious flower death stole from her bosom, blooming on the fair banks of the river of life.

"And I saw a great multitude, that no man could number, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands."

That white robed land, oh 'whence came they?' And why in yonder mansions bright, And say, sweet angel spirit say, If these are the abodes of light?

Is this that far off land of rest
The weary seek? the spirits home?
Those stars bright glittering in the West,
Surround they heavens eternal throne?

Oh list! that thrilling strain of bliss,
'Tis seraph harp, 'tis angel air,
My lost ones voice, oh sure 'tis his'
The cherub with the golden hair.

Thus spake that earth born spirit bright,
High on the eternal hills she stood,
Her robes were dazzling pure, and white,
Washed in a Saviour's precious blood.

She came from Burmah's darkened land,
A toil-worn pilgrim of the cross,
She seeks among yon angel-band,
Her own sweet flower, the loved and lost.

His little form so peaceful lay,
In childlike beauty in its shroud,
Her fancy paints him as his clay,
Had in her memory lived and glowed.

A tear had stained his snowy cheek,
Pressed from those lashes dark and long;
The parted lips that smiled so sweet,
Seem parched with suffering deep, and strong.

She sees him now, her precious babe,
Oh! near the dazzling throne he stands,
A crown of glory on his head,
A harp of gold is in his hands.

No more she mourns, that mother now,
Her infant darling gone to God;
At Jesus' feet she faint would baw,
And bless him for his chastening rod.

The dead die not, but live on high,
In mansions bright beyond the skies,
Their ashes true, beneath us lie,
But "the survivor 'tis that dies." HARRIET.

The Vermont Musical Association will hold their annual convention at Windsor, commencing at ten o'clock on the 22d of June. To those who love the "majesty of song," the occasion will doubtless be interesting and profitable. Most of the leading vocalists and instrumentalists in the State are expected to be present.

We request those of our subscribers who have not paid their subscription for the Mirror, to forward the payment the first opportunity.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ORPHEA L. P.

Ere the dew of her youth in its fragrance passed by,
Or the rosy tints brushed from her bright morning sky,

Or the bright dream of love in its radiance ceased,
Like a bird from its cage was her spirit released.

She hath passed, she hath passed to the spirit land now,
And deep is the shadow that rests on her brow;
That full lip of beauty, in its melody hushed
Like the strings of a lute that are broken and crushed.

Oh! scarcely had withered the bride's wreath of snow,
Or scarce had she loosed the white veil from her brow—
Aye few days have passed since I stood by her side
As she stood at the altar, a blessed happy bride.

I fastened that wreath in her brown wavy hair;
And I gazed on her beauty so dove-like and fair;
And I watched the bright step of that fairy like bride—

A bright angel star, and a fond father's pride.

And yet she is gone! and it is not a dream,
Though the lucid light of fond memory's beam
From the golden arm with her silvery tone
May bring up before me the loved Orpha's form.

Are not the haunts lone where we used to be?
Is the blossoming rose on that favorite tree?
Have their bright blushing leaves lost none of their glow?

Methinks they are withered, and desolate now.

Does the same bird come with its sonnet of love
And wild mellow notes from the neighboring grove?

Methinks it has hushed the full glee of its song,
The low note of sorrow in stealing along.

Aye death has been there since I looked on ye all,
And the blight of his mildew around ye must fall.
The loved one she left in his sadness must mourn
When the twilight steals round his desolate home.

A "tremulous star" to his bosom was given
To guide him awhile in his pathway to heaven;
He cherished her there as a beautiful flower,
That wakes in the morning and dies in an hour.

A tear to thy memory oft, oft will I shed,
A tear for the days that forever are fled,
Though I'd not win thee back to thy sorrow again,
I'd not wing the flight of thy spirit to paia.

ADA.

Our patrons abroad are informed that Mr E. W. Spaulding is an agent for the Mirror and is authorized to receive subscriptions and payments.

Postage on this Periodical, one cent if within 100 miles, or within the State; otherwise, one and a half cents.



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To her is committed the important charge of moulding the intellect, and in a great degree, of forming the character of those very individuals who are called to act in the important concerns of public and private life. Her instructions, of whatever nature they may be, make a deep and lasting impression upon the youthful mind,—impressions indeed of no small moment, when it is considered that principles which are instilled into the infant mind, slowly, but effectually act, not only in forming its character here, but in determining its destiny hereafter.

But this influence is not confined to the youthful circle. It is exerted in a degree, almost incalculable, in all the various walks of social and domestic life. Are the dispensations of a mysterious Providence of an afflictive nature, apparently prostrating all earthly enjoyment? We find the female with anxiety and tenderness, ready to administer the healing balm, wipe the tearful brow, while the soul speaking eye tells that she would gladly become a sharer of our sorrows. Is the heart of man desponding and his mind oppressed with anxiety and care? She with her soothing voice and calm consoling words, succeeds in abstracting his mind from the present, to contemplate the encouraging prospects of the future.

Thus we find the female able to impart consoling instruction, by being possessed of tender sensibilities, which those who often deride female influence, are compelled, secretly to acknowledge are by them inimitable. Those who are wont to regard female intellect as little worth, and look upon her influence with disdain, are bold to attribute to her, whatever partakes of the nature of evil,—and too often it is to be lamented it is her just charge. But has the female no virtue? Is not her influence sometimes salutary? If so, why have many no eloquence in portraying her virtues, while they manifest so much zeal in depicting her follies? Is it not in part because the moral vision has been blinded by prejudices, and the sphere of woman, retiring and unassuming in her nature,

has often left her virtues veiled in obscurity. Taught from childhood to believe her mind too feeble to be highly cultivated, and deprived of every laudable motive to exertion, it is rather a wonder that female society is as elevated as it is. Her susceptibility of high intellectual attainments need not here to be argued. Would the all wise Creator lay such fearful and weighty responsibilities upon his creatures with no *mind*, no heart to improve? No; the female has a mind and it should, and must be cultivated. Her own felicity,—her duty to the world, and to God, require it. She sees spread out before her a boundless field of knowledge, strewed with flowers, and she would fain enter, and pluck them as laurels of victory. She has already tasted some of the sweets of knowledge, and become convinced of the value of her resources. She feels that without the proper cultivation of whatever is truly amiable and excellent, she is unprepared to teach others, by precept and example, to adorn the mind with noble attainments; and secure the dignity and perfection of rational and immortal beings. And while she sees that thorough mental discipline, is necessary to qualify her for happiness, and usefulness here,—she also feels that it enlarges the mind, and fits it for the reception of higher and noble joys in a future state of being.

In view of all this, is it just to deprive her of an equal privilege for improvement with the other sex? Give her the unspeakable privilege of disenthraling the *mind* from the bondage of ignorance, and her expansive intellect will discover to her, her weighty responsibilities, and she will exert her influence in the cause of virtue. Till this is done, females will not, cannot, be prepared to rightly discharge their important duties and to assist in elevating the standard of moral and religious Society.

JUSTITIA.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

It is said that truth is power; that wealth is power; that talent is power; and with still greater propriety, that knowledge is power; as truth without the aid of knowledge would be inefficient, and talents would forever remain buried in oblivion, or displayed only in that blind and inconsistent manner observable among savage nations, while the requisition, as well as the application of wealth, so as to produce power, is dependent on knowledge. But without entering into a minute inquiry of what was originally intended by these several propositions; or into a prolonged investigation of their comparative merit; the object of the present will be, to contemplate the motto "knowledge is power," as comprehending all those sources of information which constitute the superiority of civilized over barbarous nations, or that which is not derived more particularly from the light of nature. To observe the difference made by education, or in other words by knowledge, we need not direct the attention to the uncultivated

Indian of North America, who roams unrestrained through his native forests, disdaining alike the refinements and improvements of civilized society; nor to the polluted and idolatrous nations of India, who seek to appease the anger of an offended God, by deeds of far deeper guilt than those which they seek to atone; nor to the degraded nations of Africa whose natures seem closely allied to the beasts of prey which range with them that benighted region. We have only to direct the attention to individual instances, even where knowledge has, in some degree, exerted its ameliorating influences, to render this distinction sufficiently obvious. Viewed with the eye of the illiterate, the works of nature present no attractions. The earth with its ever varied landscape, its lofty mountains, lifting their steep and rugged cliffs to heaven, as if in defiance of the elements, its widely extended plains, its extensive forests, and foaming cataracts; the boundless and never resting ocean; the blue and extended concave of heaven; all fail to excite one emotion of sublimity, or to raise one thought in contemplation to the great Architect of the universe. The glorious orb of day, as if in imitation of its great Author, diffusing its genial influence to every part of the planetary system; the moon, as Milton beautifully describes it, riding in silent majesty, and all the glittering hosts of heaven, viewed as created solely for the convenience of man; while he is aspiring to no higher attainments than the gratification of his senses. Events in the history of nations calculated to interest and excite the admiration or the astonishment of the whole world, never disturb his degraded tranquility; while the innumerable volumes of classical literature which have been the study and admiration of the wise in all ages, are considered as beneath his notice; and the darkness and ignorance which reign with undisputed authority within, are fully displayed in the low, degraded, and inconsistent course which he pursues. But let the sun of science and general intelligence arise and shed their illuminating and vivifying rays over the scene, and how changed is the aspect. Even the most trifling phenomena of nature are viewed with interest as presenting mysteries which elude the research of the most profound philosopher. Infinite wisdom is displayed in the structure of the smallest insect, or minutest plant; and the mind no longer rests satisfied with the conclusion that the changes exhibited in nature are produced because it is natural, but it traces effects to their causes; and refers those changes to the principles of philosophy and illustrates their more practical application in the power which they give to man in subordinating the very elements to his service. Where knowledge has shed its genial influences, instead of the Indian wigwam, and the filthy abode of the Hottentot, the wilderness is made to blossom like the rose. Splendid cities rise with their asylums for the oppressed, institutions of public learning, and

churches dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. In every direction we behold the power of Knowledge displayed in adapting the various arts to the convenience of man. Here may be seen the heavy laden steam engine, moving majestically as if propelled by some invisible power; there the mighty ship, rich with the productions of distant climes, pursuing its onward course bidding defiance to the winds and waves. But insignificant are all the works of man and even this earth with all its appendages, compared with the worlds which science opens to our view. We are taught by astronomy to view the earth as but a speck in the system to which it belongs; that even this system with all its primary and secondary planets is but an inconsiderable part of the universe; and it has been asserted by a distinguished writer that were the sun which enlightens our earth, and the whole planetary system at once annihilated, it would not be missed by any eye that could take in the whole any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. Each star is considered as the centre to other systems still more remote and the galaxy as the blended rays of stars at such immense distances as to be invisible. But imagination fails in attempting to ascribe bounds to the universe; and the mind is lost in the attempt. And still more so, especially when reasoning from analogy, we consider these worlds the abodes of intelligent beings.—If removing all bounds from an object constitutes the sublime, what a prospect is here presented of unlimited sublimity. If there is in any corresponding degree a cultivation of the moral feelings, how exalted, how sublime the contemplation of the "great first cause" who not only created those vast systems of worlds, but guides them in their harmonious courses, while at the same time the most unimportant events are as directly under his control. How superior to the man who never raises his views higher than the sod on which he treads, is the mind which is thus habitually led from the contemplation of nature, to contemplate nature's God. Such a character demands and receives our highest respect. Even envy with its poisonous weapons dare not attack it. Wealth in the possession of such a character exerts its influence in ameliorating the condition of mankind.—Talents, instead of seeking an ascendancy by oppression, exert an influence in enlightening and elevating the mind, and truth is received with that disposition which its nature and importance demand.

CYNTHIA.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude has charms for me. There is an association connected with its lonely shades, its calm retreat, that is almost enchanting. Though rude and scooped by Nature's rustic hand from the rugged cliff, yet by me it is preferred, to the palaces of the great. When tired of the world and sick of its vanity, when angry tempests rage in the moral world and threaten with speedy destruction,

all that is lovely or desirable; when all is turmoil without, and vexation within, it is then I faint would seek this lone retreat and hear the still small voice whisper in the breeze "peace be still."

When boding sorrow draws a sable curtain over my fairest prospects, and all my brightest hopes are cut off by disappointment's withering blast; it is then I find in solitude a soothing balm for a troubled, a restless mind.

Though man is a social being, yet what would be the effect on society if solitude were never enjoyed. Where should we look for the rich productions issued "from the thought stirring chambers" of Bacon and Shakespeare. Away from busy life the reflective mind turns back upon itself, and brings from its hidden storehouse a treasure of valuable thought, and there the imagination roves fearless in depths unmeasured, unexplored.

There the scholar finds a paradise on earth, and dips his pen in deeper thought,—thought too profound for sensual minds to follow;—but most of all it is there the soul holds sweet converse with the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity—who is the fountain of all knowledge, light and truth, and holds in his right hand the stars of Heaven.

ROSLIE.

"CHARITY SEEKETH NOT HER OWN."

Like a vessel drifting on the dark ocean, on an aimless voyage the sport of wind and waves,—so is life without some lofty purpose in view, as our "beings end and aim." If life's early morning is wasted in the pursuit of shadows, that never wait the coming, its noonday occupied in alternate cares, and pleasures, it is but too probable, that the evening will be spent in sighing over the wreck of cherished hopes, amid the crushed flowers of immortality, as they open to the ken of the disembodied spirit.

High and holy are the trusts committed to human life, to educate the immortal guest enshrined in clay, for the eternity of the future—to fit it to grace the high court of Heaven. Some have lived in this dark world of ours, to bless and purify.—A spotless life, and pure example exerts an influence, long after dust has mouldered back to dust. In this class stands the name of the Christian Missionary. Strong and endearing are the ties that bind one to country, and friends, yet these must be severed, and the names of parents, home, and native land, live only in memory, among the things that were. Here the heavenborn grace of Charity sheds its purest lustre, and encircles with a halo of light, the brow of the devoted missionary.—What brighter gem shall glitter in his crown of glory? This has induced some of warm hearts, and gifted minds to bury themselves in our Western wilds, and labor unweariedly for the moral elevation of our countrymen and brothers. Heaven smiles on the expedition which charity planned, and the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains even

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to the shores of the Pacific resound with the glad tidings of the gospel.

The story of the Indian, is one of wrongs and oppression. The pleasant hunting grounds of their fathers have forever passed away from them, and instead, are the smiling villages and happy homes of the white man. Hunted like the 'partridge on the mountains,' they wander towards the lands of the setting sun. How can a christian nation endure the frowns of that God, unto whom the 'stranger' or 'oppressed' has 'at all cried?' In that day when the grave shall yield up all its dead, how many bright spirits shall come up from the forests of our country, from the flowering groves of Florida and accuse a guilty nation of enacting such wrongs before high Heaven, as make the angels weep. Influence of *mind*, be it good, or ill, must be scanned at the bar of eternal justice.

The history of this singular and interesting people is closely interwoven with our own. They often cross our path and "when we will, we may do them good." I well remember one, whose bended form, keen piercing eyes, and strange costume, often disturbed my cradle slumbers. And yet he was a kind old man—that Indian. He brought us the earliest berries and the brightest flowers, and would watch the wild sports of childhood, with so much interest as even to suffer an occasional smile to relax his stern and lowering brow. I know not that any ever told him the story of the cross, or pointed his intelligent mind to the star of Bethlehem. But they gave him that liquid poison, that destroyed the Godlike gift of reason, and hurried him to his grave. His ashes lie in a sweet sequestered spot—the tall grass of many summers sweeps over him, and the Indian, his wrongs and virtues, are alike forgotten.

"On whom shall rest his penal fate,
When in the awful judgment due?"

Charity is truly a christian grace. Its dominion is wide as the universe of God. The green isles of the sea, and the far off shores of India, and China, have echoed to the soft voice of the missionary telling the story of the Crucified.

In the life of Mrs Judson, missionary to Burmah we have a lovely example of selfdenial and almost heroic fortitude in the female character.—In a heathen land, afflictions clustered on every side. War raged with violence, her dwelling was assailed, and her husband imprisoned in a loathsome cell, in that burning climate. She followed in all their toilsome marches over scorching sands, and wearied government with her daily petitions for his release. After two long years her petition was granted—meanwhile death snatched her sweet infant—her only solace, from her arms, and bore it to heaven. She sustained all with unshrinking fortitude; and lived and toiled for the cause she loved. She lies now under the shade of an evergreen—oh, she sleeps well there. No marble tells her virtues, but the ransomed Burman, as he enters the golden portals above, tells that her name

is in Heaven, her record on high. There she finds the precious flower death stole from her bosom, blooming on the fair banks of the river of life.

"And I saw a great multitude, that no man could number, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands."

That white robed land, oh 'whence came they?' And why in yonder mansions bright, And say, sweet angel spirit say, If these are the abodes of light?

Is this that far off land of rest
The weary seek? the spirits home?
Those stars bright glittering in the West,
Surround they heavens eternal throne?

Oh list! that thrilling strain of bliss,
'Tis seraph harp, 'tis angel air,
My lost ones voice, oh sure 'tis his'
The cherub with the golden hair.

Thus spake that earth born spirit bright,
High on the eternal hills she stood,
Her robes were dazzling pure, and white,
Washed in a Saviour's precious blood.

She came from Burmah's darkened land,
A toil-worn pilgrim of the cross,
She seeks among yon angel-band,
Her own sweet flower, the loved and lost.

His little form so peaceful lay,
In childlike beauty in its shroud,
Her fancy paints him as his clay,
Had in her memory lived and glowed.

A tear had stained his snowy cheek,
Pressed from those lashes dark and long;
The parted lips that smiled so sweet,
Seem parched with suffering deep, and strong.

She sees him now, her precious babe,
Oh! near the dazzling throne he stands,
A crown of glory on his head,
A harp of gold is in his hands.

No more she mourns, that mother now,
Her infant darling gone to God;
At Jesus' feet she fain would bow,
And bless him for his chastening rod.

The dead die not, but live on high,
In mansions bright beyond the skies,
Their ashes true, beneath us lie,
But "the survivor 'tis that dies." HARRIET.

The Vermont Musical Association will hold their annual convention at Windsor, commencing at ten o'clock on the 22d of June. To those who love the "majesty of song," the occasion will doubtless be interesting and profitable. Most of the leading vocalists and instrumentalists in the State are expected to be present.

We request those of our subscribers who have not paid their subscription for the Mirror, to forward the payment the first opportunity.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ORPHEA L. P.

Ere the dew of her youth in its fragrance passed by,
Or the rosy tints brushed from her bright morning sky,

Or the bright dream of love in its radiance ceased,
Like a bird from its cage was her spirit released.

She hath passed, she hath passed to the spirit land now,

And deep is the shadow that rests on her brow;
That full lip of beauty, in its melody hushed
Like the strings of a lute that are broken and crushed.

Oh! scarcely had withered the bride's wreath of snow,

Or scarce had she loosed the white veil from her brow—

Aye few days have passed since I stood by her side
As she stood at the altar, a blessed happy bride.

I fastened that wreath in her brown wavy hair;
And I gazed on her beauty so dove-like and fair;
And I watched the bright step of that fairy-like bride—

A bright angel star, and a fond father's pride.

And yet she is gone! and it is not a dream,
Though the lucid light of fond memory's beam
From the golden urn with her silvery tone
May bring up before me the loved Orpha's form.

Are not the haunts lone where we used to be?
Is the blossoming rose on that favorite tree?
Have their bright blushing leaves lost none of their glow?

Methinks they are withered, and desolate now.

Does the same bird come with its sonnet of love
And wild mellow notes from the neighboring grove?

Methinks it has hushed the full glee of its song,
The low note of sorrow is stealing along.

Aye death has been there since I looked on ye all,
And the blight of his mildew around ye must fall.
The loved one she left in his sadness must mourn
When the twilight steals round his desolate home.

A "tremulous star" to his bosom was given
To guide him awhile in his pathway to heaven;
He cherished her there as a beautiful flower,
That wakes in the morning and dies in an hour.

A tear to thy memory oft, oft will I shed,
A tear for the days that forever are fled,
Though I'd not win thee back to thy sorrow again,
I'd not wing the flight of thy spirit to pain.

ADA.

Our patrons abroad are informed that Mr E. W. Spaulding is an agent for the Mirror and is authorized to receive subscriptions and payments.

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